

## Lollipop by edgy\_fluffball

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**Summary:**

Billy wants to be anywhere but the store, shopping for his father and Susan. Especially since he had plans for the day.

# Lollipop

## Author's Note:

This is part of @flippyspoon's card prompt challenge on tumblr. I drew 7 of Spades – Smut with candy OR Tiger beat Magazine, 10 – Max as third character, and Jack of Hearts – Bradley's Big Buy as setting.

Billy had learned a lot of lessons throughout his seventeen years on planet Earth. He had learned that humans could fly into space and walk on the moon, that there were nine planets and that he should never talk back at his father. He had learned about science, technology, literature, and the ways his father thought. Getting into his thoughts and understandings, however, was something harder than understanding physics or the way molecules worked. He had settled with doing what his father wanted, acting up in ways he would not be able to track. If that meant for him to take his sweet time at Bradley's Big Buy picking up the groceries and housewares for Neil and Susan so be it. They had given him an actual list to check he got everything, like he was a child.

Billy threw a packet of Capri Sun into the basket he was holding, onto the canned peaches and frozen spinach Susan had asked for. He checked his list again, making a grab for flour and sugar in passing, nearly sweeping a few more packs off the shelf. The only consolation for the demeaning position he was in, being Susan's personal shopper and all that, remained the silent rebellion he carried out by taking a lot of time to grab each item and place it in his basket, strolling up and down the aisles, looking at the display in each one and furiously staring down every Hawkins housewife unlucky enough to cross him in the shop.

Knowing what the alternative outcome for his afternoon could have been did not lift his mood, knowing he could have spent the afternoon in the place he wanted to be the most.

Billy turned the next corner with the last item on his list in hand and could, just by a narrow margin, avoid running somebody over. He sidestepped and hit his shoulder on the spice rack, hissing out in pain and almost dropping the shopping basket.

'Dude, watch it,' he growled and adjusted his shirt carefully.

When he looked up he met big brown eyes looking straight back at him, fluffy hair gleaming in the fluorescent light of the store lamps, and full lips wrapped around a lollipop.

‘Harrington,’ Billy choked out and set the basket down, running the empty hand through his hair and licking his lips, ‘What are you doing here?’

Steve pulled the lollipop out of his mouth with a pop and looked him up and down.

‘Shopping. I was short on candy,’ he grinned, ‘What about you, Hargrove? Getting in touch with your inner little girl?’

Billy looked down at his hand that still held the magazine Susan had asked him to pick up. He had guessed she wanted to get Max to behave girlier, now he stood in the middle of the store with the newest “tiger beat magazine” in his hand and no idea about how to respond to Steve Harrington standing in front of him.

‘I’m – I’m – that’s for Max,’ he muttered and stuffed the magazine in the shopping basket.

‘Sure it is,’ Steve grinned and put the lollipop back in his mouth, sucking on it hard.

Billy swallowed and tried to look anywhere but at Steve’s lips moving around the stick.

‘Harrington, you gotta stop,’ he said hoarsely, ‘You can’t do that, not here, right now, I gotta –’

Steve stepped closer to him, crowding into his space, ‘You have to know that I got stood up today so I have a lot of time to kill.’

‘You did? Boohoo, can you feel my pity for you? I have to get this done and the stuff home, otherwise I won’t have the means to pity you anymore.’

Billy tried to get past Steve, who now crossed his arms over his chest.

‘You just have to get that stuff home?’ he asked and looked into the basket at their feet, ‘Does that fit into a backpack?’

‘Yes,’ Billy answered after a moment.

‘Will your parents be home before tonight?’

‘No,’ Billy smirked.

Steve took the lollipop out of his mouth again, tapped it against his lips before licking them.

‘Go pay,’ he said and shoved the lollipop in-between Billy’s lips.

Billy grabbed the basket and darted towards the till. It took him two minutes to pay – after shoving an elderly man aside – staring angrily at the cashier for taking too long to hand him the groceries.

He ran to his car in the parking lot and all but jumped into the driver's seat.

'You need to skate,' he pressed out, handing the shopping to Max in the passenger seat.

His step-sister looked at him as if he'd just announced he was going to become an astronaut after all.

'What? Why?' she frowned, 'I thought Neil –'

'They won't be back until dinner, brat, come on!'

'What happened in there? You look...flushed.'

'Listen, wiseass,' Billy said through his teeth, 'You get yourself home right now! I gotta do something and I can't really have you hang out here on your own!'

'You're weird,' Max sighed and looked into the shopping bag, frowning when she saw the magazine, 'Now the only thing left for you to do is telling me what you're going to do.'

Billy massaged his temples and hit the steering wheel.

'Fine, I met Steve in there,' he said, admitting defeat and closing his eyes, rubbing them.

A door closing let him look up again, just in time to see Max jumping onto her skateboard, shopping bag in hands. Billy checked himself in the rearview mirror, wrapping one of his curls around his finger to shove it into place and licking his lips. He reached into the glovebox, pulling out a chapstick he kept there for emergencies, and this situation was, without doubt, an emergency.

Once he was convinced his lips would not scrub off Steve's skin he got out of the car and crossed the parking lot, steering clear of the Big Buy and walking around the corner.

Ever since they had started dating they had been sneaking moments with each other, in the gym, in the backseat of one of their cars or at the quarry. It seemed just natural for them to look for each other everywhere and use every possibility they got to see each other.

Billy sucked on the lollipop in his mouth absentmindedly, running his hand through his hair.

'Steve?' he asked, laughing at himself internally for sounding like a little girl running after her first boyfriend, 'Dude, I swear, if you got me all worked up and disappeared –'

A flash of tight jeans and preppy polo shirt jumped at him, clinging to his neck and wrapping his legs around Billy's waist. He stumbled, barely keeping himself and Steve upright. There were fingers in his hair and lips on the side of his neck, a nose nudging the lollipop stick

poking out of the corner of his mouth.

'You know you're both too tall and too heavy for me to carry you, right?' Billy mumbled into Steve's hair.

He could feel Steve's face heat up against his cheek. All of a sudden his big baby of a boyfriend slid down his side and came to stand in front of him.

'You still got my lollipop,' he smirked.

Billy took the stick out of his mouth and looked at Steve, standing there with his pupils dilated and his breathing slightly erratic.

'Well, well, Harrington – what do we have here? Did you start without me, pretty boy?' Billy asked close to Steve's ear, making his boyfriend shiver in his arms.

'Billy,' Steve mumbled against him, 'Don't do that to me! I know you don't have a lot of time, I know you're risking your fucking health by being with me and I love you for that but I swear to God, Billy, if you leave me hanging right now I will haunt you in your dreams!'

'You say the sweetest things,' Billy said and pressed his lips against Steve's, 'but now I really need you to shut up!'

'Why?' Steve breathed out.

'Because you running off at the mouth will make it so much harder to kiss you, pretty boy.'

Billy lifted his boyfriend up and carried him further into the back alley only to set him down and pin him to the wall. Steve tangled his fingers in Billy's hair and pulled his head closer to kiss him greedily. Billy let out a long-drawn-out groan against Steve, slid his leg in-between Steve's knees, and pushed them apart. He knew his boyfriend well enough to know that Steve's immediate reaction would be to seek out the spot where he would obtain the most friction. He started rubbing up against Billy's thigh, staring into his eyes and biting his lip.

'You're killing me,' Billy huffed out, bringing their bodies closer together and snaking his arms around Steve's waist, 'You're actually killing me, pretty boy.'

Steve moaned and let his head fall against Billy's shoulder, still moving his hips against his leg.

Kissing Steve's lollipop stained lips made Billy dizzy, he pressed into his mouth and inhaled the sweetness left there. Steve grabbed a handful of his shirt to move him into the way he wanted him, rolling his hips against Billy's leg, rubbing against him and nipping at his collar bone.

‘Kissing not enough for you?’ Billy asked quietly, voice huskier than intended.

‘Never enough when I’m with you,’ he got for a breathless answer as Steve seemingly tried to attach himself to Billy’s neck.

Well, two could play this game.

Billy rolled his hips tentatively, taking Steve’s breath away and causing him to wheeze.

‘Oh fuck, Billy,’ he panted and clawed at Billy’s back, ‘do that again!’

‘As my princess commands,’ Billy answered, nibbling at Steve’s ear,

‘What do you say, I get you off here and you return the favour tonight at your place? I got something really nice in mind for you to do for me.’

The sound Steve let out was like music to Billy’s ears. He knew the meaning of the soft ‘oh’ and what happened when he let it out, he felt Steve buck against his hold and his head fall onto his shoulder. His breathing was laboured and erratic, his neck glistening with sweat and Billy could feel his boyfriend going limp in his arms.

‘Are you kidding me, pretty boy? You come undone with nothing but the promise of what I let you do later?’ he kissed his boyfriend’s cheek softly, ‘You amaze me, Steve.’

Billy had learned a lot of lessons throughout his seventeen years on planet Earth. On this warm spring day he learned that he had a power over Steve Harrington that would have scared him if it wasn’t for the power Steve had over him. And if he asked his boyfriend to maybe buy lollipops more often later that night after a blissful couple of hours it was just for him to know just how much he liked to taste Steve’s sugary lips.